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THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

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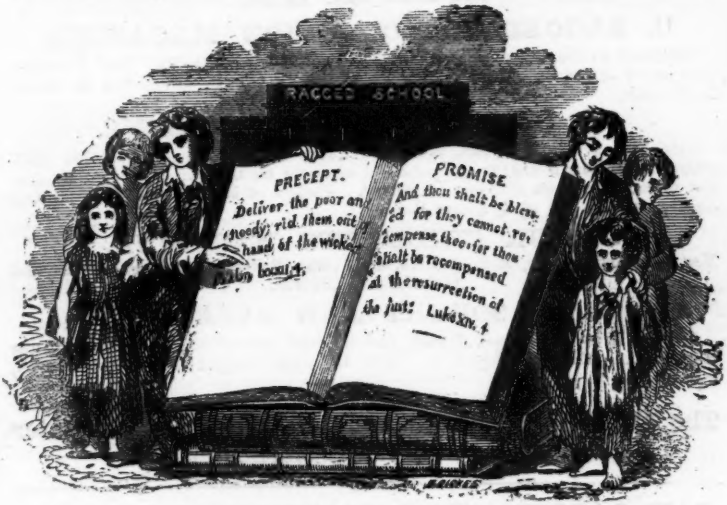
RAGGED SCHOOL
PRECEPT.
Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of the hand of the wicked.
Psalm lxxxii. 4.
PROMISE
And thou shalt be blessed for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Luke xiv. 4

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

LONDON:
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* * All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
* Orders for Advertisements to be sent to Robert K. Burt, Printer, Holborn Hill.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg with thanks to acknowledge the receipt of a chest of clothing from Mrs. Craig, a parcel of "Hymns for Children" from Miss Etches, and a box of clothing, &c., from Miss Longwood.

Donations of Clothing, &c., and books for forming Ragged School Libraries, will be thankfully received by Mr. J. G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

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PAID RAGGED SCHOOL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of the above Association inform the PAID RAGGED SCHOOL TEACHERS and their friends that arrangements have been made for a

TEA MEETING

to be held in the FIELD LANE RAGGED SCHOOL-ROOM, on *Wednesday*, the 16*th October*, at SIX o'clock, p.m. R. MOUNSTEPHEN, ESQ., will take the chair at SEVEN o'clock.

The Rules of the proposed Benevolent and Sick Fund will be submitted to the Meeting, and a List read of Gentlemen favourable to the object.

Tickets, Sixpence each, may be had of Mr. HARDY, Dove Row, Hackney.

It is requested that all communications on the proposed Benevolent and Sick Fund may be addressed to Mr. FRASER, 36, River Street, Maiden Lane, King's Cross.

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The Committee are thankful to be able to state that the heavy debt of £150, which had accumulated up to March last (besides clearing off from month to month all current expenses), is now reduced to about £60. They feel greatly encouraged by the liberality of Christian friends, who, by their munificent donations, have placed the Institution in a comparatively free condition. Being anxious to clear off the remaining responsibilities, they again earnestly appeal to the public, and feel confident they shall not appeal in vain.

The Institution is situate in one of the most degraded, depressed, and necessitous localities of London. It is held in a large house formerly a public-house. The inhabitants are chiefly composed of costermongers, stall-keepers, professional beggars, rag-dealers, small tradesmen, dock labourers, a few hardworking, honest, poor artisans; but, alas! a greater number of questionable and well-known bad characters, who live by systematic thieving and vices of the grossest character. The neighbourhood abounds with low lodging-houses. Here are, in vast numbers, poor children of Jewish, Dutch, German, and English parents, many of whom are very poor and greatly neglected.

No support can be raised from the locality itself, and therefore the appeal is made to the benevolent resident elsewhere.

Subscriptions will be very thankfully received by the Secretary, Treasurer, or any member of Committee as above.

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The amount required to be raised to complete the alterations and repairs to the newly purchased School premises is not less than £120, and as many articles are yet required to realise that amount, Contributions of Toys, Trinkets, and other Articles, are earnestly requested, in order that the result of this effort may enable the Committee to commence operations in the new and greatly extended sphere unencumbered by debt. The alterations are now in progress, and will be completed early in October.

Contributions will be thankfully received at the Ragged School Union, or by Mr. Mirams, Secretary, 35, Stanmore Street, Islington.

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Anonymous	0	10	0	Egerton, Dowager Lady Grey...	5	0	0
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Further help will be very acceptable.

PERILS OF YOUNG FEMALES.

The following facts will illustrate the above. E. S. was, until about three months ago, employed in a manufactory in one of our Midland counties. Her wages being very small, she determined to seek her fortune by coming to London. Finding a companion equally desirous of trying the same experiment, they prepared to walk to the world's metropolis, a distance of about 150 miles. A few days and they arrived; each having only a few shillings to support themselves, their position soon became critical. It appears, however, that the companion having some friends to go to, and evidently not caring much for her fellow-adventurer, left her to go whither she pleased and to do as she could. Five or six weeks passed over without E. S. obtaining any employ, or meeting with any person to befriend her. Her little capital was soon exhausted, and all her spare clothing sold, in order to raise threepence per night to pay her lodging and buy a little bread. She says she was "often very lonely," and this in the "million-peopled city!" On Sundays she used to attend the open-air preaching in the Parks, and she says "they were very good ministers." The probability is that she felt the force of their faithful exhortations, for her appearance would have rendered her an object of attraction in any of our respectable congregations. At last her little store was exhausted, and she passed three days and three nights in the Parks in almost utter destitution. However, on the third day, the good providence of God brought her under the notice of some Christian lady (unknown), and she recommended her to come here. She did so, and was received; and with pleasure it is reported that it does not appear that she fell into any sin; but it is doubtful whether she would have escaped much longer but for the timely aid rendered. Her poor mother was very glad to hear of her safety after she had been in the Central Home a few days.

The writer of the above lately spent a few days at a watering place, where the inhabitants pride themselves that their harbour is a refuge accessible at all times to vessels in danger. Would it not be a great blessing if this harbour (Institution) of refuge for tempest-tossed immortals was so well supplied with means as to make it also available for all genuine cases, on all days and at all hours?

Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received by

Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.

Mr. F. NICHOLLS, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.

Mr. E. W. THOMAS, Secretary, 200, Euston Road, Euston Square, N.W.

Papers, Original and Selected.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS' ACT.

In the third paragraph of the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the education of destitute children, it is stated that "for children who have acquired criminal or vagrant habits provision is made by the Industrial Schools' Bill. Until that measure is fully tried, no other provision, at the expense of the State, should be made for that class."

Hitherto, the Industrial Schools, aided by the Government, have mainly consisted of children who, either from home-training or native propensities, were in danger of contracting vicious or criminal habits. Some of these were rescued direct from the streets; but in most cases, the Christian discipline of Ragged Schools had so operated on conscience, that they voluntarily entered the Industrial or Refuge School. In the Industrial School to which they were thus transferred there was provided a place where good principles could be cultivated, industrious and regular habits steadily fostered, and any temptation to pilfer for bread removed by the wholesome diet supplied.

In addition to sixteen regular Refuges, with 698 inmates, there are three Industrial Feeding Schools attached to the Ragged School Union, viz.:—Old Pye Street, Westminster; Hatton Street, Maida Hill; and Tichborne Court, Holborn. In these, about 90 boys are received from the local Ragged Schools. As they are all conducted on the same principle, the nature of these Industrial Schools may be gathered from the last report of the Old Pye Street Committee:—

"The boys assemble at six in the morning in summer. From six to seven, there is house-work; from seven to eight, industrial work; from half-past eight to half-past ten, elementary instruction in reading, writing, and ciphering is given; and between eight and half-past, the boys have breakfast; from half-past ten to twelve, and from one to five, industrial work ensues; and between twelve and one, the boys dine; both the meals being provided by the Institution. At five, the boys go to their own homes; and they are required to attend their respective schools in the evening. Besides these advantages, the boys receive small wages, according to the class in which they are placed, viz.:—In the first class,

1*s.* 6*d.*, in the second class, 1*s.* a week; half this amount is reserved for the purchase of clothes and other necessaries, and the remainder is paid to the boys on Saturday evening. The labour selected has, from the first, been the making and printing of paper-bags for bakers, &c., and the printing of handbills, placards, and small pamphlets. The market prices are charged for these articles; neither underselling the trade, nor exacting from customers for the benefit of the charity. A Tailoring Class was set on foot at the close of the year, to teach the boys to mend their own clothes. At the commencement of 1860, 16 boys were on the books; 42 entered the School during the year, of whom 31 were new boys, and 11 were readmitted; 32 left, and 26 remained at work at its close. Of those who left, 20 obtained situations, 7 left to obtain other employment, 1 died, 1 was dismissed, 1 was sent by his mother to a Roman Catholic Refuge, 1 went with his family into the workhouse, and 1 who was in ill-health was taken to work in the garden at a lady's house in the country."

The best feature in the scheme, as hitherto carried out, was that the inmates entered these Institutions voluntarily. Nor was this strange, seeing that many were samples of a large class of juvenile "roughs," namely, those who simply want a helping hand to lift them out of the gutter and mire in which they were born. From mental organisation, this is a class that can be more easily led than driven; and who, consequently, care more for the firm grip of Christian kindness than for the strong—though, in their case, essentially weak—arm of the law. Hence, we consider that these Industrial Schools have succeeded; not only because the directors acted voluntarily, but because the inmates entered the Institution equally voluntarily.

But a glance at the new Industrial Schools' Act leads to the impression that this voluntary action on the part of Committees and inmates will gradually disappear. Nor is this the only evil; for—through the power of detention, with penalties to be enforced against any who leave under fifteen years of age—Industrial Schools will only become jails with a more palatable name. Whether this view is correct or not, our readers can readily judge from the following synopsis of the new Industrial Schools' Act:—

"The mode of certifying and sanctioning these schools is, as before, through the Home Secretary, upon the application of the managers of any school in 'which industrial training is provided, and in which children are clothed, lodged, and fed, as well as taught;' and after inspection of the premises by an authorised officer. The law clearly defines what children are liable to be sent to Industrial Schools. They consist of four classes, viz.:—'1. Any child apparently under the age of fourteen years found begging or receiving alms, or being in any street or public place for the purpose of begging or receiving alms.—2. Any child apparently under the age of

fourteen years that is found wandering, and not having any home or settled place of abode, or any visible means of subsistence, or frequents the company of reputed thieves.—3. Any child apparently under the age of twelve years, who having committed an offence punishable by imprisonment, or some less punishment, ought nevertheless, in the opinion of the justices, regard being had to his age and to the circumstances of the case, to be sent to an Industrial School. —4. Any child under the age of fourteen years, whose parent represents that he is unable to control him, and that he desires such child to be sent to an Industrial School in pursuance of this Act; and who at the same time gives such undertaking or other security as may be approved by the justices before whom he is brought in pursuance of this Act, to pay all expenses incurred for the maintenance of such child at school; provided that no child who, on being brought before the justices, is proved to have been previously convicted of felony, shall be deemed to be within the provisions of this Act.' Two or more justices in petty sessions may, after inquiry into the facts, order such child to be sent to any certified school, the managers of which are willing to receive him; but the justices are to select, if possible, a school conducted in accordance with the religious persuasion of the parent. The period for which the child is to be detained rests with the justices, except that no child can be detained against his consent after he has attained fifteen. The managers of the school may permit the child to lodge at his parent's or with any respectable person, so that they educate, and feed, and clothe him. The managers may make rules for the regulation of schools, but they cannot be enforced unless approved by the Home Secretary. The Home Secretary may remove a child from one school to another, or may discharge him, either absolutely or upon condition of the parent, or any other relation, undertaking to educate him. Trustees, also, may discharge the child from the school, if satisfied that a suitable employment has been provided for him. As to the maintenance of the children at school, it is stated, that the treasurer may, out of funds provided by Parliament, contribute towards the same (except those children who are sent at the request of their parents), at such rate per head as the Home Secretary may determine. The justices sending the child to a school, or those where the school is situate, or in which his parent resides, may, upon the application of a person appointed by the Home Secretary, make an order on the parent for the payment of not exceeding 5*s.* a week, for the expenses of the child's maintenance at school; and the justices may, from time to time, vary the order whenever circumstances require it. If a child absconds from the school before attaining fifteen, or refuses to conform to the regulations thereof, justices may order him to be sent back to the school, or may commit him to a Reformatory School. And any person inducing a child to abscond is liable to a penalty not exceeding £5, or, at the justices' discretion, to be imprisoned for not exceeding twenty days. There are other provisions respecting the mode of recovering penalties, and as to the evidence of the schools being duly certified, the orders of justices, &c."

The sum to be paid by the Home Office for each child sent to the Industrial School is not stated in the body of the Act, but by a circular dated January 21, 1861, addressed to managers

of the Certified Industrial Schools in England, it appears, that—

"The Lords of the Treasury have agreed to make the following allowance for the maintenance and instruction of each child committed to such schools under the Act 20-21 Vict., cap. 48, viz., 3*s.* 6*d.* per week for maintenance, lodging, &c., and 1*s.* 6*d.* per week in aid of salaries of Superintendent and Instructors, provided that these are satisfactory in quality and sufficient in number."

On the face of the Act it would seem to be optional with the managers of Industrial Schools whether they should certify or not; but the *sting*, so to speak, of the new Act is found in the following minute of the Privy Council:—

"My Lords have it in contemplation to withdraw their grants from all schools which are capable of being certified under the Acts 20-21 Vict., c. 48, and 23-24 Vict. c. 108.

"The Legislature has signified its intention that schools of this class, which are aided with public money, shall not remain institutions of a wholly private character."

The new Act is, too, of the greater importance from the fact that, for the first time, the State will directly interfere in the *internal management* of these Institutions. For we find that, although the Institution may be certified as fit for its purpose, yet that the power of the Government will not stop there. It is true that the managers may, as now, make rules for the internal regulation of schools; but such rules cannot be *enforced* unless approved by the Home Secretary. Thus, as we predicted, the thin edge of the wedge having been gradually inserted, it is driven home to the destruction of Industrial Schools as voluntary and, as they ought to be, self-governed Institutions.

And is there no moral in this for those of our provincial friends who are desirous to be subsidised by the State? Yes; one so palpable, that he must be obtuse indeed who cannot perceive it at the first glace. Let but Government, on any pretext, creep into Ragged Schools, and it will only be a question of time how long the Committees will be permitted to exercise that self-government which, with God's blessing, has already achieved such glorious results. More capacious and better ventilated buildings would, doubtless, grace the "slums" where we labour; teachers of higher secular qualifications would gradually supplant those who have hitherto done the social and religious work so well; and school routine would, probably, meet the requirements of the stiffest red tapist.

And then some day new men, with novel views, would step into power, and a new minute would either cancel the old grants altogether, or make such requisitions as they would be compelled to decline, unless our friends were prepared to hand over a great missionary work to mere men of routine. For, doubtless, at no distant date the precedent set in the case of Industrial Schools would be copied as respects Ragged Schools; and this monition would be sent to the State-aided Schools:—"The Legislature has signified its intention that [Ragged] Schools which are aided with public money shall not remain Institutions of a wholly private character." Verily, the thing that hath been, is the thing that would be.

Sad, then, as has been the history of Government aid to Industrial Schools and Refuges—continual worry, through the incertitude caused by constant alterations in Minutes, until at length this new Act threatens to destroy the system as a voluntary one—it is not without its practical lesson. It is this:—Let the friends of Ragged Schools beware, lest they also be caught in a Government trap! We still hold the reins of a mighty social and religious movement, let us retain this power whilst we can in our own hands. Ever relying in faith on God for both money and workers, let us still labour, as Christ's freemen, for the moral and religious reclamation of a class to whom the Gospel was rarely preached before the institution of Ragged Schools.

ONE OF LIFE'S BYE-WAYS, AND WHAT I PICKED UP IN IT.

CHAPTER I.

I CAME to reside in London nine years ago. On my arrival my feelings were those of a traveller who has reached a foreign land, about which he has read, and from his book knows well. All former memories and notions are now to be submitted for confirmation or rejection to the test of actual investigation. Like the traveller, I, too, had my darling schemes and my favourite haunts. Among the former were no dreams of the mayoralty nor the erection of a merchant prince's throne. Among the latter I did not include the fairy scenes of our picture galleries, crystal palaces, or public gardens. My tastes have a different bias. Dearer to me than all these are the Ragged Refuge with its drab hues, and the Sunday School with its chastened bustle. The dearest associations of my heart were formed amid such scenes; my first public entry among men was there; the dust of the Sunday School soiled my first coat. For twenty years the Sabbath sun has gone down upon me either in the Night Refuge or among the cherry cheeks and shining eyes of the Sunday School. The reader, at this moment, may have little difficulty in

guessing my whereabouts on the morning or in the evening of any Sabbath day. Or through the week, if absent sight-seeing, ten to one I would be found in some back court witnessing the last new dodge for bringing the dear uncombed "loons" within range of the cross; or I might be away on some common in high glee, and up to the eyes among the festivities of a Sunday School excursion. These are the joys of the old teacher—the pleasures of the man.

During my career as a Sunday School Teacher, I have observed narrowly and noted carefully its effects upon the affections of the heart and the faculties of the mind; no geographer ever traced with more delight the windings of some newly-discovered river than I have the devious stream of holy influence flowing from the Sunday School among the rough scenery of our common nature. And where is such another stream? Consider the self-denial of its fishermen as they ply their vocation of catching souls. Who can reckon the value of the pearls that lie below its soft-flowing waters? Christ declares one of them worth a world! And what, my reader, can exceed in interest its historic fame? There, he that struggled till the break of day on the banks of the Jabbok with Jacob may be seen often. There, even now, heaven and earth, hell and sin, are mingled in deadly fray, and souls are lost and won.

It is my intention, in a series of humble papers, to lay before my readers some of the scenes through which I have passed on all parts of its banks in a campaign extending over twenty years.

CHAPTER II.

Being determined, before again putting on harness, to visit some of our Metropolitan Sunday Schools, and add a few facts culled on English soil to those collected in Scotland, I laid my plan of Sunday School London (one made by myself) before me, and selected my route for the evening.

Towards the heart of the City I turned my steps. I feel towards cities in this respect as I do towards men; the heart is the part that makes right or wrong in city, soul, or body. Upon its condition depends that of the extremities in each. Being accustomed to the hill country of Scotland, I had acquired the habit of walking long distances without much fatigue. I felt a pleasure, therefore, in my first plunge into the populous wilderness of London, and in roaming, a free agent and unknown, over its awful area of streets, with the prospect of a rest in a Sunday School at my journey's close. It was a dull November day, at the close of the afternoon, I took the road. I remember it well. The fog hung in the air like a huge web of gray muslin, as thick but not so clean. The streets were greasy and noisy; 'bus and cabmen howling and swearing at each other, and hugging the curb-stone as ships do the land in a squall; little link boys, with the speed of spirits, were darting through the gloom like minnows in a Highland stream, and possessing all the mimickry of the mocking-bird. Teasing was all this to an old Londoner, but amusing, confusing, and suggestive to the mind of a greenhorn like myself, and forming for the first time, as I that night was, his first acquaintance with a genuine London fog. I shall not soon forget the im-

pression made on my mind when my reverie was disturbed by one of these little fellows coming up to me and waving his blazing link under my very nose, fluttering in rags, in that cold night, his locks uncombed, and under them a face resembling dirty chalk. Up from that face gleamed two eyes. I remember these eyes to this day. He left his photograph on my heart. I tried to look down into his soul through these eyes, but the air of stupidity visible in mine (I suppose) settled the question, for, as his mates shouted "It's no go—no browns," he disappeared in the darkness. Poor little soul; I'll never see thee more. May Jesus seek and find thee; there's no stupidity in his eyes when he looks into a soul, and instead of browns you'll get gold tried in the fire; then, my little fellow, we will meet where link and fog are no more. You dream not of what you have done. You have wedded one soul at least for life to your unfortunate class. As the fiery cross roused the clans of my forefathers, and led them among mountain and valley to foray and fray, so your fiery cross pointed me and all men caring for you to the scenes and the class, where, and among whom, in our large cities, the battle of the Cross is to be fought even where you are born in thousands, first ruined and then starved.

My reflections were soon disturbed by the noise around me. A wiser and a sadder man, I moved towards my destination. I arrived at one of those naked spaces, flanked on all sides by low ranges of dingy houses, met with occasionally in the very heart of London. The walls of long departed dwellings intersected it in all directions. In one of the sides of this deserted plot, by a gradual descent you approached five or six dry arches filled with oyster-shells, &c., evidently the cellars of once existing houses, now the haunt of the thief and the prostitute. Where is the ear that could listen to the sad tales these mouldering bricks could tell were they to become vocal, as one day they will, when—

> "The blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill,
> Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and hill."

Then at least will every tub stand on its own bottom, and the saddle be put on the right horse. Looking northward as far as the eye can see extends one of those narrow streets inhabited in the days of the Charles's by merchants and the middle classes, now the abode of disease, dirt, and crime; nay, the story runs, that treason and murder have done work there, and from its sombre courts sent forth victims for hangman and headsman. At this very hour, entering it, your hand moves intuitively to your watch and your purse, and the eye becomes wide-awake. Along the east side of the plot runs a line of low built houses, and in the centre stands one a little higher than the rest, having a lamp which throws a sickly ray on a battered doorway, around which is gathered a ragged brawling multitude, clamorous for admission. This is the Ragged Sunday School I am in search of.

CHAPTER III.

The door opens, a whoop and whistle, and up stairs they rush. I follow, quite absorbed in the scene. A gentleman, one of the teachers, seeing me a stranger, whispered in my ear, "Mind your pockets, sir, you're among some

of the biggest villains in London." Seeing me astonished he added, "Why sir, sometimes we have had our handkerchiefs returned to us at the end of the lessons, with this remark,—'Here it is sir; I couldn't take your wipe to-night, your lesson went too deep!'" With such a scene before me, the fog around me, and that whisper in my ear, I felt like a man that dreamed.

Hark! the bell rings; each teacher finds a place, and two hundred villains are distributed in classes, as by a stroke of magic. Such a sight! Rogues, over whose gray hairs forty summers had come and gone, and little thieves between, scarcely a span long. All is still. Every eye turns towards a deal table, at which stands one of the finest specimens of England's sons. Above the middle stature, broad-chested, and strong limbed, open of countenance, with lofty forehead, and clenched lips, indicating immense firmness, yet all dimpled with smiles, such as men acquire by looking often into the Gospel. When he frowned not a feature was left out; when he laughed, he laughed with all his face. Such is the stuff heroes are made of. This is the regular superintendent, who, out of love to his Lord and to their souls, has striven to lead them to Christ. He gently slaps his hands, all are on their feet, and over the scene rises the hymn—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Then arose a burst of sacred music, a heart in every bar of it. Never to my dying day shall I forget that strain, or cease to remember that choir,—every chorister a thief. How strange! What but the Gospel could group and keep them together? Where, but on the floor of a Ragged School could they be met in safety? I wept for joy I had lived to see the day. Then came a few words of simple prayer, in which that Ragged Sunday School was held up to the bleeding Lamb—nay he seemed as if he would lead his charge through the rent veil of the Redeemer's flesh into the very arms of the Majesty on high. The school is now open; the hum of teaching fills the building. I wandered from class to class; one particularly took my attention, it was taught by a young lady. I sat down within ear-shot, looked and listened. There were four old men, three young men, and six lads. All in rags, one without a coat, and gray headed; he wept bitterly, but silently, as Jesus, through her lips, besought him to be reconciled. Each bore the marks of an out-door lodger, and nearly all had been cropped at the expense of the country. From these skeletons and rags a thousand struggles looked down upon you. How earnestly did the souls of these miserable men look through their eyes as their teacher led round God's scape-goat among them and implored them to lay all their ills on its devoted head! But the bell rings, the benediction is pronounced, and all is over. The school disappears in the streets. A few linger behind, imploring some boon from the superintendent. Curiosity drew me to the spot. Two of the petitioners were members of the young lady's class, beside which I sat during the evening,—Tom by name, and a companion. They are imploring a night's lodging beside the stove. Tom looks every way eligible; he is tattered and torn, and has been roughing it among the dry arches, and suffers from cold, and a species of ague

imparts a tremor to his limbs. The case roused the mercy and the firmness of the superintendent. The night accommodation is small, and the means for maintaining it is smaller still. A firm, but kindly refusal met the prayer of Tom. Turning his manly face full on that of our friend, he said, "Sir, it's my disease that makes me ask shelter; I do not want bread, only house-room." This did it; it was a stroke among the heart-strings of this man of God; he relaxed into a smile, saying,—"Well, Tom, I can't give you a bed or a rug, but you may sit by the stove with the night-watch." All present rejoiced; our sufferer bowed and crept to the fire, and a grace was put upon the whole by his companion being sent after him to keep him company.

I left for my home, pondering what these things meant. The whole scene floated in my mind; the ragged sprite, with his flaming link, and that ragged man imploring for lodgings, passed hither and thither through it like visions in a dream. One I had lost for ever; to the other I determined to cling, and out of him drag his life's story. In a few days an incident occurred which gratified my heart's wish to the full. Our managing clerk asked me in the course of the week to look out for a youth who for a trifle would distribute hand-bills and pull a truck. My whole soul turned to Tom. I rejoiced in spirit, for my heart's desire was to lift a fallen brother, and vindicate, to our large firm at least, the utility as a nursery of the dear Sunday School. I trembled for the result. Tom was to me a stranger; what was he? whence came he? Would he stand? would he fall in the hour of trust? Would he help himself, and honour the Sunday School? Or would he fail in an evil hour, injure himself, disgrace the cause, and pluck my feathers? Full of doubts and fears, I unbosomed myself to the superintendent—told my errand. He gave him a good character, and quite approved of my choice. After earnestly entreating him to tell Tom to put his best foot foremost, and pay scrupulous attention to his toilet, to meet me to-morrow at ten in the warehouse, I left him and returned to my desk. I waited anxiously for the morrow. I was in my place; the hour appointed came, and Tom arrived. Oh dear, oh dear, would that all the Sunday School teachers in London had been present! How our little fat clerk did stare, as in silence his sharp eye darted through and through that poor fellow, rags and all; then, with a glare of astonishment he looked at me, and back again at the object of my affections. I felt as when a young lady for the first time introduces her lover to papa and waits the issue. I blushed all over. Tom was asked to step out; I wished I had been asked to follow him. The glass door was shut.

"Sir," said our clerk, "are you aware what you have done?"

"Quite," I replied.

"There is much property lying about here, do you take the responsibility?"

"I do."

"I will look to YOU for all; I will ignore HIM."

"Do so," I retorted. Tom was engaged. A few weeks justified my choice.

CHAPTER IV.

Being required to collect the money over one of our traveller's walks in the vicinity of London one day, it was found necessary, in order to save

time, that I should have one of the men in the warehouse to assist me. I selected Tom of course. We had a good day's work before us, and I was determined it should not close without Tom unfolding himself to me. After all our business was over, and preparations made for returning, I proposed walking in preference to riding; the day was clear and cold, but bracing, and we set out with vigour. Having cleared the village, I proposed some refreshment, and that it should be enjoyed under the hedge. No sooner said than done. Tom cleared a spot, and did it so well, I remarked, "This is not the first time you have dined under a hedge." He looked up at me somewhat confused, as if at a loss to know in what light I would view his past career if I knew it. He could have asked me, judging by his looks,—If I let you into the secret, will you despise me, or pity me? My manner set him at rest, and, after asking a blessing, our simple repast proceeded. I looked Tom in the face and said, "You seem very happy to-day; what's the cause?"

"I am so, I feel it all over me; but, sir, the simplicity of your question makes me smile." Here I looked at him; an unnatural brightness appeared in his eyes, and he seemed to draw himself up from his very toes. "My present circumstances," returning my gaze, "are as new to me as a steam-ship once was to a New Zealander; for the last eight years of my life, one happy day has never dawned on ME."

He seemed agitated; past memories gathered round him like angry bees, and each, as it passed, touched him with its sting. I had pulled the right string. I, in my turn, was moved. I felt for Tom, for I loved him. I could play no longer, so I asked him to tell me some of his struggles.

"Sir," said he, "will anything in your porter's life interest YOU?"

"Tom, everything in the life of a soul interests Jesus, your God and mine, let alone a sinner like yourself."

What follows fell from his lips, and with that I will close this paper:—

"Well, sir, I was born in Glasgow some eighteen years ago. I am a soldier's son; disease abroad killed my father, and the cholera took away my mother. In one year my three sisters and I were made orphans, without a penny and scarcely a friend. My sisters found employment in the neighbourhood where we lived. I went to live with an uncle—a man without a heart. Oh, sir, he was ill, ill to me! After a few years, I saddened and sickened under his care, and at last ran away. With a companion, Charlie Brunton, I resolved to visit England. We set out, meeting our expenses by working from town to town. After six months, we found ourselves within fifty miles of London. Here I separated from Charlie who found regular employment, and I did not. The day we parted we spent the afternoon and evening together, and separated at midnight, under a tree, in silence. 'Ah! Charlie, before you and I meet again,' I said, 'we'll know both sides of the shilling.' Our arms were round each other; we stood speechless, and tore ourselves asunder. So ragged and woe-begone was I now that I was refused work. As I passed, people stared and whispered; I felt I was suspected. Worst of all, sir, I was reduced from working and travelling to begging and travelling. My spirits, like lead, sank to the bottom of my heart. Well do I remember sitting under a hedge to eat the crust I had not earned, calling upon death to finish the ball. I knew

enough of my Bible to believe suicide was sin, and that the rope and the river were not always the shortest cuts to happiness. My conscience would not let me murder myself; and, at that time, to me the Cross of Christ was unknown. I was pained at the heart, and I seemed to move in thick darkness. I was in despair, with only courage and reason enough left to finish the twelve miles between me and London. After a sleepless night, without one bit of cheer, one ray of hope, I took the road, believing that in the evening body and soul would finish their acquaintance on the pavement of the city. I arrived late in the evening at the west end of Oxford Street, and spent the night out of doors. I was forced to beg, so as to get a crust and a few coppers, and was able to pay threepence for a night's lodging in one of our cheap lodging-houses. May God keep me, sir, out of these dens all the rest of my life. They are worse than hells, these places—they would make devils worse than they are. Men and women lying all of a heap—drinking, swearing, and snoring in all directions; two or three tallow candles stuck in bottles, at intervals, round the room; and the walls glittering with sweat. My circumstances were now dreadful. I saw I MUST become a thief, if I remained there and have any peace. Sir, I have fallen into many sins in my time, but I am not a thief—never was." Here his manner and aspect commanded the deepest respect, and almost instant belief. "Such an assembly met there one night, that I rose from the fire and walked out; the street, sir, was heaven to it. I staid out all night, and caught cold, and was seized with a kind of ague. I thought I must surely die. In this condition I crawled down to London Bridge; I sat and trembled in a corner; I asked nothing; the crowd passed on. Towards five in the afternoon a gentleman turned aside, asked me a few questions, and gave me a shilling. He took out his card, and wrote the address of the school you found me in on the back of it. There I was received, and sheltered for a day or two. I gradually got better, and took to street-work again, and was able to earn a little, enough to keep me in bread and humble lodgings. That gentleman's card let daylight in upon me. I now became a regular attender in Miss L———'s Sunday class, and much good I have gotten there. The sour feelings towards men, and the harsh ones toward's God's providence, which sprang up in me during my trials, wore away. I felt happier, somehow; it's hard to hate, sir. It makes one miserable—just like having a live coal in the palm of your hand. Yet I was no holier in my heart; all that dear lady used to tell us of Jesus did not move me; and I am sure of a Sunday night she used to drag her whole class to the very foot of the Cross. I again turned ill, was unable to work, and was once more out of a home. I was so ill that I was again compelled to ask for shelter beside the school stove; that very night you came on a visit to it. That was a night of nights to me. At that school stove I was joined by a companion—one of my Sabbath class fellows. We sat together; he was sad, and I was sadder. That night, however, he seemed softer in his manner than he used to be, and spoke often of the Bible. We bewailed our fate; I said I was becoming hopeless and heartless; he made no reply, and I stared into the fire. At length, looking me full in the face, and laying his hand on my shoulder, he said, 'Tom, do you know I intend to put God to his word to-morrow.' I did not understand him. He said, 'Do you remember that lesson of Miss L———'s, two

Sundays ago, about prayer?—I can't get it out of my mind. She said so often and so earnestly, and looked at us so, "Lads, God hears and answers prayer." Now, we have been nearly this whole day without bread; and, she said, the very ravens, when hungry, prayed, and got answers too. Now, if I live, Tom, I'll pray to God to-morrow. Do you pray?' I was silent; but my conscience answered—no. Here he looked earnestly up in my face, and said, 'Will you join me?' So sincere did he look, for my life I could not say no. After a little more talk we stretched ourselves upon the bench and fell asleep. The morning bell was rung: we started to our feet, washed, and were turned out for the day. When we reached the bottom of the stair, the morning was raw, cold, and very dark. 'Now, Tom, do you remember your promise?' whispered a voice beside me. 'You said you would.' My companion was at my side. I demurred. *There was no place.* Pointing to one of the dry arches, 'This will do, Tom; come on,' he said: in he went, and I followed. Having reached the far end, he fell on his knees and burst into prayer—the exact words I can't remember, but it came from his heart. The burden of it was:—Bread, work, and pardon.

"We both came out; we wiped our eyes, we had both been crying. I had not opened my mouth; but I remember saying, as I grasped his hand, 'Now for it.' We turned down the street in the dark, and at the bottom took our stand—hungry, quiet, and waiting. We felt as if watching an experiment. Time wore on; there was nothing on the move. 'I fear,' said I, 'we are two bad uns, we are not to be heard.' My companion replied, 'Wait, Tom, wait; we cannot command God.' This shut my mouth: we stood in silence. An hour had passed away. But, sir, I was wrong; God DOES hear and answer prayer. A little man, in great haste, came up to us, 'Carry this bag for me to Euston Station'; and laid it down. My companion shouldered it, and I supported it from behind; we arrived at the station, he threw down two shillings and disappeared. We grasped each other's hand, we looked each other in the face, and not a word we spoke. At last I said, 'What fools we are to be running at men's heels and cringing for coppers, when God is so liberal. I'll doubt his word no more.' We spent that day by ourselves: that day Jesus tied our hearts to himself. And now, sir, this day I am here; and from that hour I have had bread, a coat, and a home. I believe it will be so to the end."

I may add, in closing, they both now adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour. Tom is at the HEAD of the warehousemen of the firm to which I introduced him. His companion is a shoemaker in a neighbouring village.

MEMOIR OF ELIZA B——

A RAGGED SCHOOL GIRL AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE following is a brief account of Eliza B——, who was born in Portsmouth in the year 1843, and was a scholar in the Ragged School, Oyster Street, in that town.

Eliza B——, with nine other girls about her own age, were formed into a class. She was a shrewd girl, and very fond of reading; every book that

was given her, was read more than once; but, like many others in her class, she was for the first six months very inattentive to the instruction imparted.

One Sabbath evening about this time she had a desperate quarrel with one of her cousins; from words they came to blows, and their language to each other was dreadful; their teacher entered the room just in the height of the quarrel, and expostulated with them on their conduct, telling them that "God was looking directly upon them and had heard all they said."

A few weeks after this, Eliza, when walking homeward with her teacher, told her with tears that she was very sorry she had quarrelled with her cousin, and said, "I should like to be a better girl, teacher, but how am I to get good?"

After some conversation with her teacher, who encouraged her to pray, she said she would try.

In February, 1860, she was taken seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs, and she sent for her teacher. On entering the sick room, Eliza said, "Oh, how I have been longing to see you; I am very ill, but I am very happy, for I am going to heaven." The question being put to her as to the ground of her hope, she said, "Didn't you tell me that Jesus died to save sinners? *I* am a sinner—a *great* sinner—but I feel he died for me; yes, for poor Eliza, and I shall soon be with him in heaven."

She repeated many portions of Scripture and several hymns, such as "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," &c.; and with much fervour of spirit she repeated the third verse:—

"In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Leprous, to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

Another favourite hymn was, "Just as I am without one plea," &c.; and another, "I want to be like Jesus," &c.; and, with hands and eyes lifted heavenward, she repeated the last four lines—

"But oh, I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see!
Oh! gentle Saviour send thy grace,
And make me like to thee."

Much more she said, which greatly astonished her teacher. She expressed a wish to see Mr. J——, the superintendent, who kindly visited her.

On another visit from her teacher, she said, "Tell all the girls in the class to pay attention to the teaching; tell them to pray; I pray for them, and I want to meet them in heaven."

It pleased God again to restore her to partial health; and she said to a friend who visited her, "The first place to which I shall go when I go out will be to the Ragged School. I do love my Ragged School, for there I learnt to pray, and the way to heaven, too."

The first Sabbath of Eliza's return to the school will ever be remembered by the girls who were there. From Eliza's home to the school was a trying walk in her state of health, and by the time she had reached the top

of the room she almost fainted. Her teacher said, "You appear very weak to-day, Eliza." "Yes I am," she replied, "and I could not have come now if I hadn't prayed to God to give me strength to come."

The teacher well remembers the lesson for that afternoon. It was the story of "Lot's Wife." And one remark in particular was made—that perhaps Lot's wife forgot what the angels had said to her. Many girls resemble Lot's wife in this respect, forgetful of good things and good advice; they very soon forgot the counsel of their teachers; how many times they had been spoken to about swearing." Eliza said directly, "I don't think that any one has heard me swear for six months." And her cousin, who was sitting by her side, and who was constantly with her, said, "I believe it is longer ago than that, Eliza." She replied, "Do you know how that is? Why, when anybody upsets me, I go up-stairs and fall down upon my knees, and pray to God to keep me from swearing; and if you do that you will be able to keep from swearing too."

Nothing but ill-health ever kept Eliza from school, and that very often prevented her being where she loved to be.

In August, 1860, she wrote a letter to her teacher, who was for a short time from home; the following extract from which will show the bias of her mind, and that He who had begun the good work was carrying it on. She says, "I am better than I was, I am thankful to tell you, and I do not neglect to pray to God three times a day. I went to school on Sunday twice."

In March, 1861, she was again taken ill, and confined to her home, and to her bed, and it was the doctor's opinion that it would be her last iliness. Those of the teachers who visited her can testify as to her composure and patience.

Although her cough was very distressing, and she suffered much severe pain, she was never heard to murmur. When asked if she was in much pain, her reply was, "Yes, great pain; but when I think of the sufferings of the Saviour, I am able to bear it, for my sufferings are nothing to what he suffered for me."

She always had her Bible near her, and it was her daily and nightly companion, for she had many sleepless nights.

During this illness she was visited several times by the Rev. W. Young, of Highbury Chapel, whose ministry she attended when able, and also by Mr. B——, one of the deacons. On one occasion she said to the latter, "I am very ill again, sir, but every time it brings me nearer the Saviour."

In July of the present year she was attacked with hæmorrhage; this, with shortness of breath, prevented her conversing much, but it was evident to those around her that she enjoyed communion with God. It was but at intervals, and then not without great difficulty, that she could speak at all.

Mr. B—— saw her a few days before her death, and on asking her if she was afraid to die, she said, "Oh, no." He then asked, "Is Jesus still precious to you?" She replied, "Yes, very precious."

The day before she died, she said to a friend, "I am very happy, I shall soon be home and with my Saviour," She was very anxious about her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, often entreating them to pray, saying, at the same time, "I have sought and found the Saviour." She prayed

earnestly for them herself, and shed many tears in her anxiety when speaking about them to her teacher, to whom she would often open her full heart.

A short time before she died she said to one of her sisters, "I have only half an hour to live; sit by me, and let me talk to you." She could, however, say but little, the effort was too great, and before the half hour was gone she was with her Saviour.

She died on the 29th of July, 1861, in her nineteenth year.

THE INVALIDS' DINNER TABLE.

THE Invalids' Dinner Table is spread at 15, Duke Street, Lisson Grove, and has now been doing its blessed and much needed work for a year, during which time it has been the means of providing nearly two thousand dinners for the sick poor, the majority of which have been taken at the Room. This number might have been at least doubled, with scarcely any increase in the incidental expenditure, if the Institution had been better supported. It is not thought desirable to extend its operations much beyond this, as more good would be done by establishing similar institutions in other districts of the metropolis, than by having a monster one at the West End. The number of *different* persons fed at or from the Invalids' Dinner Table during the year is nearly three hundred. The internal management of the Institution is entrusted to a Master and Matron, who both act under the superintendence of a lady. The invalids are admitted by means of tickets of the value of sixpence each, given them by subscribers. These tickets must be presented before half-past nine in the morning, to be exchanged for admission tickets. By this arrangement the number that may be expected is always known, and the dinner provided accordingly, at the rate of half-a-pound of meat, one pound of vegetables, and a halfpenny roll for each invalid, and the same for the Master and Matron. Half-a-pint of porter also is allowed for each adult, and a quarter-of-a-pint for each child. The meat is almost invariably roasted. The table is spread every week-day at half-past twelve, during nine months of the year, and every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday during the months of June, July, and August, and a company of sick gathered around it to partake of a wholesome and substantial meal, free of all expense to themselves. Those who prefer taking their dinners home are served at a quarter past one, and have to pay twopence. This payment is remitted in the cases of those who are both too ill to come and too poor to pay, and of those who cannot be allowed to come on account of their complaints being infectious, or subjecting them to sudden and alarming attacks of illness.

The Matron's duties are to receive and exchange the subscribers' tickets in the morning, to provide and cook the dinner, to prepare the dining-room, to help the Master to preside at table, and to wash up afterwards. She is required to transmit once a week to the Lady Superintendent an account of her expenditure, a schedule of the attendance, all the tickets received, and the box containing the poor people's payments. She is also empowered to receive subscriptions, and to sell tickets. For these services she has a room

rent free on the premises, coals, her dinner every week day, the kitchen-stuff, and half the twopences received for dinners sent home. A new Matron has been engaged for the ensuing year, and enters on her duties with every prospect of success.

The Master (who is a non-resident) has nothing but his dinner for his services, his duties being confined to the dinner-hour, when he attends to carve, preside at table, say grace, and fetch and apportion the beer allowed. After dinner he reads a small portion of Scripture, makes a few simple remarks on it, and offers up prayer. The evident interest taken by the poor invalids in this little service is very encouraging; nor can we suppose that He who has said, "My word shall not return unto me void," will allow this humble effort for the spiritual good of those on whom he has laid his afflicting hand, to be wholly unsuccessful.

Who can estimate the comfort and benefit afforded to the suffering poor by such an institution as this? Even the physical good done is not only the supply of nourishment, but often the restoration of appetite also, as will be readily understood when it is remembered that roast meat, especially mutton, is quite as great a treat to the poor, as far more expensive luxuries are to the rich. Let invalids whose failing appetites can be tempted with delicacies, or whose craving appetites can be supplied with abundance of nourishing food, ponder this well, and extend a sympathising hand to their less fortunate brethren and sisters in affliction.

To all who come in contact with the sick poor (medically or otherwise), this Institution is especially commended, as affording a most convenient means of helping them, and at the same time of bringing them under the sound of the Gospel.

Inhabitants of the streets and squares adjoining Lisson Grove!—it is no exaggeration to say to *you*, that the sick are dying of want almost at your doors. It is true indeed that to die of absolute starvation is a very uncommon case, but the number who perish for lack of proper nourishment in times of sickness and convalescence, will never be known till the day when all secrets shall be revealed. It was a consideration of these facts which led to the establishment of the Invalids' Dinner Table, and it is hoped will also eventually lead to its efficient support.

Hints to Subscribers and Friends.—Though there is no restriction as to age or sex, district, parish, or religious denomination, it is most desirable that the Invalids' Dinner Tickets should be given *exclusively to the sick*. There are other valuable charities far more suitable for relieving the healthy. Any subscribers having taken tickets, and not knowing proper cases on which to bestow them, will confer a great favour by sending in their names to the Lady Superintendent, as being willing to relieve cases at her recommendation. All cases so sent, may be relied on as having been thoroughly investigated and proved satisfactory. A note or card will always be sent with them, and generally a medical certificate also. When tickets are given to persons too ill to go to the table, the subscriber should ascertain if they are able to pay the twopence required, and if they are *really* unable, should write on the ticket, "Excuse the twopence," with his or her name or initials.

Subscribers are strongly advised, when once a case has been ascertained to be a deserving one, not to give less than three tickets, as it is hardly possible

for a smaller number of nourishing meals to be of any real use to the health. On the other hand, for a casual or doubtful case (if relieved at all) one ticket is quite enough. A much greater amount of good is done by giving several tickets to one case, than one ticket to several cases. The subscriber's *signature* should be appended to each ticket—not Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Occasional presents of fresh vegetables will be very acceptable.

The Institution is open to inspection, and visitors are specially invited to see the table spread for dinner; but are requested to withdraw as soon as the guests are seated.

Religious tracts are always distributed after dinner; and some expense would be saved, if friends would sometimes send a few plain and interesting ones for this purpose. Such only will be acceptable as are decidedly evangelical and *undenominational*.

The expenses of this new effort for the year amounted in the whole to £102 2*s*. 11¾*d*., and the donations and people's payments to £100 13*s*. 5*d*.

THE TEACHERS' EXCURSION TO NUTFIELD.

For the fourth time, Henry Edmund Gurney, Esq., has invited a portion of the Teachers of the London Ragged School to spend a day at his residence at Nutfield, Surrey. As the whole body of teachers of the London Schools amount to about three thousand, it is clear that the invitations could not extend to all for the same day; but it is hoped that in course of time every teacher, that is, every *regular* teacher, will have the opportunity of visiting Nutfield. The invitations of the past four years have been given to the teachers of one hundred schools on the list published in the Report of the Ragged School Union. The teachers of the remaining sixty schools have only patiently to wait the revolution of the seasons for their turn, for we have very good authority for saying that Mr. Gurney's present intention is that they shall not only not be forgotten, but that an opportunity shall be given them to visit the delightful grounds of that gentleman, and there partake of his hospitalities; enjoy the glad sunshine, the balmy air, and the extensive panoramic views on the north bounded by the Surrey hills, and on the south by the distant South Downs. Those who have been at Nutfield have been led to sing,—

> "We love the sunbeam and the tree;
> We love to wander wild and free,
> There, gloomy folks we *cannot* be."

The day fixed for the festive occasion of this year was Friday, September 20th. A special train was provided to start from London Bridge Station in the morning, and which reached Red Hill Station before mid-day. The hour's run seemed too brief to complete the pleasant chat upon the objects that attracted notice as passed, from the elms, the oaks, the ricks, the homesteads, right and left, to the Old Gatton Mansion and New Crystal Palace. Arrived at Red Hill, the three hundred teachers walked through the country lanes of green hedges, gathering blackberries as they progressed along the rising ground, till the house was reached.

A most kind reception and right hearty welcome was given to the friends by Mr. and Mrs. Gurney. Mr. Gurney informed his guest that the house and grounds, including all the buildings in the farm, the conservatory, green and hot-

houses would all be left free and open for their use, and his earnest wish was that they would all use them freely, and derive all the comfort and pleasure from them the time would allow. The company then dispersed, and soon was seen scattered in small companies of twos and threes in all parts of the estate. The boat on the lake was in full requisition the whole day. The seamanship of the numerous crews that manned the craft during the day was often tested. Sometimes the rower slipped his oar as he pulled, and down into the boat he went, his head considerably lower than his heels. He was soon righted, and at his oars again, with an impetuosity that made the boat hug the shore till it stuck in the mud. The fault, of course, not being the rower's, but the system that makes a man go one way and look another. The cricketers enlivened the fields of the upper grounds; and games, of many kinds, on the lawns gave full occupation for the fair and less athletic portions of the company. Here and there were seen those who walked alone, over whose heads more than fifty summers had passed, which, however, had not chilled the heart, but had evidently cooled the head, and matured the judgment.

"And some, with hearts elate and high,
In sunny paths have wander'd;
And some, in shadowy days gone by,
In pensive mood have ponder'd."

A sound, not common to London ears, arrested the attention of all in all parts of the grounds. It was soft and musical; it seemed near, and yet travelled from a distance. It was soon found out to be the Chinese gong, announcing to all that dinner was ready in the spacious marquee.

Mr. Gurney presided at the dinner; after which he again expressed the great pleasure it gave himself, Mrs. Gurney, and his domestics, to see the real workers of the London Ragged Schools at Nutfield; and explained that absence from home for several months had made it rather later now than in former years in giving the invitation; that he had only returned on the previous Saturday, and his first attention was given to expedite the arrangements for the present meeting. He said he would call on a few gentlemen to speak, and would limit each to ten minutes. He would call on Mr. Gent, because he would represent the Ragged School Union; on Mr. Joseph Williams, of Broadway School, because he would represent Westminster district; on Mr. Simons, of Exeter Buildings' Schools, because he would represent the Chelsea district; on Mr. Innis, of Ward's Place, because he would represent the Islington district, from which three districts he understood the friends present came; and lastly, he would call on Mr. H. R. Williams, because he had on this, as on all the other occasions, arranged and carried out many of the details of these gatherings. The gentlemen named were each called upon, and each responded to the call; none occupied more than the ten minutes, so the friends were again soon dispersed over land and meadow, farm and dairy, lake and hill, till the gong was again heard for the company to concentrate again under the marquee for tea. The time between dinner and tea seemed to have sped its flight with an increased velocity. An hour in an autumnal afternoon makes a great difference in the general aspect.

"The landscape fails upon the sight,
And the vale is shadowy getting;
And the western sky is glowing bright,
And the big round sun is setting."

The gong for the second time was heard, and there is only an hour to the time the train is due for the return journey, in which hour much has to be done—the tea, the thanks, the parting adieus to the kind host and hostess; the walk down the lanes, and the settlement in the carriages. This was all done, and within the time; and punctually at eight o'clock the company was again at London Bridge, highly delighted and benefited with the day's entertainment and exercise; and with grateful remembrance will the friends look back to that lovely September day spent at Nutfield.

LORD DERBY ON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

(*Concluded from page* 225.)

But this Institution proposes to go much further. I have said, and I am afraid it is a lamentable fact, that of those who are deeply involved in crime, a small portion only are brought back to habits of virtue and of religion. But God forbid that I should say that there is not a vast proportion of the lower classes of the population who hitherto have been wholly indifferent or alienated from religious things, upon whom time, opportunity, and example may not perform wonders, and bring them home to that flock from which in general they have wandered, and form them into a part of that one flock in one fold, under one shepherd, who is the shepherd of rich and poor alike. It is proposed—more than proposed, it has been attempted, and not failed—it is proposed to combine with the education of the children a room which shall serve for the religious instruction of the parents of the children, and of any others who may be induced to attend. I mean any others in the same class of life, for I trust no advantage will be taken of this Institution by those who have ample means to provide for themselves. But it is intended, and is to a certain extent carried into effect, to combine with the education of the children the religious and moral training of their parents, and to bring together a large portion of the population into a church, for the worship of the Almighty God, which shall be absolutely free and open to every one "without money and without price." (Applause.) Now, it is a remark often made, and of painful significance, that even among the respectable portion of the working classes—the mechanics of this great country—there is a very large portion who, from various causes, never enter the house of God. There is a large proportion who know nothing of the truths or comforts of religion; and various causes there are, no doubt, for this, which is a lamentable evidence of their condition—this absence from the service of God, whether according to the principles of the Established Church or any Dissenting body. But I believe that, apart from hostility to religion, and apart from what is more common—absolute indifference and ignorance, there are two prevailing causes which tend to drive from our churches even the best disposed and most respectable—I will not say of the pauper—but of the poorest of our population. The one is the appropriation of the greater portion of the seats in our churches, and above all, of the best seats by the richer and easier-to-do classes, to the exclusion of the poorer man, or to his relegation to the most inconvenient, the most distant, and the most inadequate seats. This is, I am afraid, an evil inherent in human nature, and it is an evil of such antiquity that it formed ground for rebuke on the part of the apostles themselves. I need not remind many of those who hear me that St. James distinctly points to this ungracious and invidious distinction in the earliest Christian Church between the rich and the poor. He notices it not only as a fact, but as a ground for rebuke. The other cause I believe to be the honest shame of parading the ragged

garments in which the poorest classes are clad, in immediate contiguity to the better clothed and richer garments of the wealthier and more easy-to-do population of the parish. I do not say that this is a feeling to be altogether ridiculed, but it is a feeling which is not altogether unnatural, and a feeling for which it is important that we ought to make every indulgence and every allowance. Nor do I, can I, condemn absolutely and entirely, as some persons are disposed to do, the appropriation of particular seats, provided a sufficient amount be set apart for those who are not able to get separate sittings. On the other hand, I believe it tends to the solemnity, the regularity, and to the order of congregational worship. I am sure it tends very much to influence the best feelings when father, and mother, and children can enter the house of God with the knowledge that there is a seat to which they can go together and unitedly with a certainty of being able to get into it to offer up together their prayers and praises to the Lord of all. I am far from condemning the appropriation of certain seats to those who are well able to increase the means of the pastor of a church by paying for that accommodation, provided it is not granted to the exclusion of those who have an absolutely equal right with the richest of the rich to enter and worship God in the parish church, which is not for the rich but for every parishioner. But in this case we have to deal, not with a mixed population, we have to deal with a population all of whom are of the poorest classes, few or none of whom could afford any considerable sum for separate accommodation for themselves. We are providing means of religious worship for those who are clad in rags, and will not be shamed by comparison with the silks and satins of their richer neighbours. And in this case I say it is most important, not that there should be some free seats, but that every seat in this Church-School which is about to be built should be free to all, without payment of money and without payment of price, and that no amount of poverty of clothing, no amount of squalid destitution, should be sufficient to exclude the very poorest of the poor who are willing to enter and worship God, in whose eyes rich and poor are alike, and the distinctions of rank and title are as nothing. This, then, is the object for which we are met this day. The liberality of a landowner in the neighbourhood has afforded you a portion of the site on which these new buildings are to be constructed, and I trust that Christian liberality of the people of this neighbourhood, who can afford it, will not suffer this great work to fail for want of funds. Every great motive which can actuate man conspires to recommend the support and the maintenance of this undertaking. The peace of the district; the good order, the sobriety, the cleanliness, the temperance—let me take the lowest motive—the diminution of the burdens which are entailed upon the parish by the augmentation of its criminal population; but from this let me go to the higher motives, namely, that duty which you owe to your Christian fellow-creatures, or to those who, if not your Christian fellow-creatures, it is your highest object and aim to improve and to make your fellow Christians, as they are now your fellow-creatures, and that duty which you owe to that God who, as he would not that a sparrow should fall to the ground without his knowledge, would not that one of these his little ones should perish. You, upon whom he has bestowed the blessings, I won't say of wealth, but of competence and abundance—and how few there are who really can say honestly that they are unable to take anything from their superfluity without injuring themselves for the promotion of works of this kind—all those who value the improvement of their immediate neighbourhood, all those who value their duty to their God and to their fellow-creatures, I earnestly entreat to come forward in aid of this good work. And you—if I am addressing here any of the poorest of the poor—remember that in the free admission of your children to education, and in the free admission of yourselves to the wor-

ship of God, you are obtaining a great and valuable privilege; and that even you —some even of the very poorest—may do something by your voluntary offerings towards promoting the service of the church, and defraying a portion of the necessary expense which devolves upon the maintenance of an industrious, painstaking, and laborious minister. It is equally creditable to the clergy and equally discreditable to the country, that a vast amount of the working clergy are labouring diligently, zealously, and earnestly, amid many discouragements and much of difficulty, for stipends which do not equal the average earnings of many mechanics,—nay, which do not equal the amounts which many spend in selfish indulgence. We are proposing that a church should be built capable of accommodating from 600 to 700 persons. Now observe, if each person who attends the church would contribute the sum of one penny weekly, that penny a week will give four shillings and fourpence each in the year; and five hundred such weekly contributions will give a stipend sufficient of itself to secure—I do not say the properly remunerated—the zealous and devoted services of a minister to attend to this church. Many ministers labour for much less than a hundred a year, and that sum would be more than provided by one penny per week from five hundred persons. One word more before I close an address which I am afraid has been too lengthened already. We are entering now upon a work not of an untried character—not a doubtful speculation—not one upon which those who are willing to hang back may state as an excuse, "We will see how it works. There are very great doubts of its success. I will see. I don't like to be the first. I will see what my neighbours do. I will see what chance there is of its doing any good. I have, for my own part, no great opinion of those attempts to improve and educate the labouring classes." This is not an experiment. For four years, under very great disadvantages, in this immediate neighbourhood, this very plan has been tried. It is not the failure but the success of that plan, which renders it necessary that you should take the step which you are called upon to do this day. From an attendance in a wretched schoolroom, in the first instance, of only about sixty children, you have now so largely increased the attendance that a second room has had to be taken, and in that second room there has been a weekly service for the parents of the children attending the school; and those weekly services are crowded to overflowing by those who would gladly come into the fold if there were only room for them to be received, and who find here shelter and rest, for which they have proved, by their presence, their gratitude and appreciation. It is for these overflowing schools, for that overflowing church, that we call upon you for fresh efforts and fresh exertions—we call upon you to provide for that increase which it has been shown will take place, if you will only afford the means and the machinery for giving it fair play. We call upon you, therefore, not to enter upon an untried course, but we call upon you to carry on an experiment which has been in the most successful operation for a period of four or five years, and whose augmentation and whose prosperity are accomplished facts. There can be no limit, except the limit of population, to the means of instructing, and elevating, and of Christianizing that redundant population. It is in this work that I ask of all —rich and poor—to take an interest, and more especially those who are locally connected with the district, and who have seen the good work done from to-day. It is upon them I call, each in their several degrees, to direct their efforts to the promotion of this great work. Do not let us forget who it was that reminded us in all future generations that the poor we shall have always with us, and that to them we may do good when we will. You will not dispute the fact, that of all the good we can do, and the advantages we can confer, none are equal to that

of educating the rising generation for their appointed station in life, and giving them a knowledge of those holy truths, and of that saving religion, which, after the troubles of this life, will bring them into a higher and holier state of existence by the blessing and mercy of Him to whom we are now bound to attribute all honour, and glory, and praise, and thanksgiving, for the great work he has enabled us this day to commence. (Loud cheers.)

Correspondence.

OLD CLOTHES.—"A BEGGING LETTER."

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

Sir Walter Scott said that he was accustomed to *simmer* over his subject half-an-hour in bed, and then the incidents came before him so clearly that he had nothing to do but write out a chapter of his new tale. Somewhat in the same mood, I was simmering over divers questions connected with Ragged Schools, when the question suddenly occurred, "Whatever has become of the old clothes?" The question was so abrupt that it startled me out of my half-dream, and led me to compare the list of donations of old clothes in your magazine for 1860 and 1861. On referring to your "Acknowledgments," I found that no less than forty-eight parcels were sent last year to No. 1, Exeter Hall, for distribution amongst the affiliated schools. But, on scanning the list for this year I found a sad falling off, both in the number of parcels and in the number of articles. Hence the question again recurs—not in a half-dream, but wide awake—"Whatever *has* become of the old clothes?"

Now, to argue on the value of such donations would only be to imitate a man who should pen an elaborate treatise to prove that two and two make four. For not only were very many of our waifs and strays clad by this means during the past severe winter, but many, through the repairs and alterations required in these cast-off garments, were thereby initiated into habits of neatness and industry. Thus they were practically taught a lesson in the duties of this life, which they as much require as those higher ones which pertain to eternity.

I have ascertained that last year parcels were sent from your office to no less than forty-four Ragged Schools—east, west, north, and south—for from whatever point of the compass sound could travel was heard the same mournful cry of "Old clo'." As each parcel contained an average of thirty articles, a valuable Christmas-box was thus given to 1,320 children. I *know* that many teachers of the seventy-four girls' Industrial classes conducted in Ragged Schools were delighted with the work provided by the repairs or alterations required. Nor was this all; a lesson in minor morals was thus practically given, and the gratitude evoked in our poorer brethren was neither slight nor evanescent. The poor are often charged with ingratitude by those who do not understand their habits or their feelings; but I do not think that our poor pupils loved their Ragged Schools less because their friends

and teachers] remembered that the unclad body shrinks and pines when the thermometer is at zero. And sure I am that the Master did not regard these donations without complacency, seeing, that when he tarried here, he promised his benediction to those who, for *his sake*—not from mere benevolence—clothe his poor brethren. (Matt. xxv. 36.)

If donations of old clothes—may I not in my character of a beggar add of new?—were ever needed, the want is not lessened this year. The mere fact that the scholars in the London Ragged Schools increased last year no less than 2,200, would lead to this inference. But, unhappily, it would appear that, with a larger population demanding our benevolence, there is less to give. I would, therefore, earnestly ask for old clothes in the name of the 27,000 Ragged scholars who, like Leitch Ritchie's Irishman, can only beg by showing their puny frames and their ragged attire. Especially would I appeal to your fair readers thus to "come to the rescue." For then, when the question is put, "Whatever has become of the old clothes?" they will be able to reply—"Why, sent to the Ragged School Union, to be sure." Thus will they imitate the model-woman of king Solomon, of whom it is said, "She is not afraid of snow; for all her household are clothed with double garments." (Prov. xxxi. 21.)

Who will begin? or rather, who will search through their drawers and wardrobes for cast-off clothing, and send their gleanings to Exeter Hall? "What thou doest, do quickly."

Yours, &c.,

Q IN THE CORNER.

A LETTER FROM A FORMER SCHOLAR IN THE HULL RAGGED SCHOOL.

THE following letter was addressed to the former employer of the writer, into whose service he went immediately on leaving the school, and where he remained till his departure for America:—

Taunton, Mass., January 4th, 1861.

DEAR MR————,—I take the first opportunity to write an answer to your kind and very welcome letter, which I received on the 1st inst. (and of all my New Year's presents is, by far to me, the most appreciated); and while I reply, I am much ashamed for my long negligence to one, from whom I have now before me a testimony of his lasting esteem and love for me. How can I atone for such a sin of ingratitude? Forgive me and I will do better in future. You have taught me a lesson—an old lesson—which I learned, but forgot. Pardon me, sir, for not asking, in the first place, for yourself, your good, Christian, and amiable wife, and two lovely children (with whom I have often played). I wish you all a Happy New Year; and may God give you health and strength, and a fair share of this world's things.

As you have kindly informed me of a great many incidents which have occurred since my absence from Hull, I am prompted, by a sense of duty, as well as right, to let you know what I have been "up to" since you greeted me last in your brother's store, Hill Street, with that impress of friendly affection, which I shall never forget, and which I have since loved to meet with. I am living, as you see, in Taunton.

Taunton, Massachusetts, is situated on the banks of the Taunton Great River. The soil is in many places rich and loamy; and raises good crops of corn (Indian), potatoes, wheat, Chinese sugar-cane; but it is not very good for grass. The

earliest settlers, as I find by looking over the "ould statisticks of the towne of Taunton," were Paul Dean, Sovanus and Zephaniah, his brothers, Andrew Hall, and Ebenezer, his son, Josiah Soper, and James Cook, and others of less conspicuousness, who came over in the "May Flower," about 1616; and many of them being from Taunton, England, called this Taunton—which name it is called ever since. At that early period, Taunton was inhabited by a powerful tribe of Indians, known as "King Philip's tribe;" they were savage and desperate, and were a great annoyance to the poor white pilgrims, who had sought refuge in the wilderness inhabited by them. On numerous occasions they would have killed the pilgrims, had not Paul Dean been a good man, kind to the Indians, and a personal friend of King Philip. Dean, being a blacksmith, mended the Indians' tomahawks, spears, scalping-knives, which saved the whites, who claimed to be Dean's relations. In 1663, Elizabeth Poole, a virgin, bought the township of Taunton from the Indian chief for a string of beads, a peck of beans, and a jack-knife. There are now 15,000 inhabitants in Taunton. There are three printing-offices:—*Bristol County Republican*, *Daily Gazette*, and *Weekly Democrat*; thirty-one Free Schools, Private Academy, Free High School, Grammar School, and Commercial Academy. There are two of the largest locomotive manufactories in the country here, seven cotton factories, nail factories, flax and woollen mills, gas-works, and brick-yards. There are three Baptist Churches, Sunday Schools attached — Calvinist, Free-will, and Christian; Unitarian Methodist, Episcopalian Methodist, Universalist, Spiritualist, and Catholic (new)—pronounced by all to be the handsomest church in the State—pastor, Rev. Daniel Hearne, formerly of Manchester, England.

Dear sir, with a dozen of other young men, I helped to form a society by the name of the "Sons of Temperance." We call each other brother; the familiarity of the term, and the friendly feeling which exists, will suffice as excuse, I hope, for my freedom of style to you. You kindly inquired about my well-being. I will not attempt to give a detailed account of myself now, but will in my next letter. I am a printer; served my time faithfully; got a good present when served; a journeyman three months; was presented with a large silver medal by my boss, J. W. D. Hall, Esq., bearing the following inscription:—"To Wm. G. Heaves, as a token of esteem by J. W. D. Hall." On the other side, "Honesty, Fidelity, Temperance," (in the middle) "Merit wins Promotion."

I meant to have written a long letter to Mr. Thomas H———, one of the efficient advocates of the Ragged School, to be read at their annual supper; but the hurry of business prevented me. I am at present secretary of three public societies, two temperance societies, and one debating club; but as a letter would be acceptable, I will write to the good friend soon. I hope all friends are well, and enemies too; God help and bless them. I have no enemies here, that I am aware of. Here, I have sought the society of men, and of ladies too; and have taken a conspicuous part in everything for the public good, with brotherly love and Christian adhesiveness. Our "Sons of Temperance" numbers about 400 ladies and gentlemen; "Lodge of Good Templars" about 250. I have had poor health for some time, although never absent from my post in the office. I served four years; for the last two I took charge of the mechanical part of the paper, and paid all the hands; and for the last year I was promoted to local editor and proof-reader. I understand my business pretty well.

In your next letter, please let me know of your health, wealth, and prosperity (as I wish you all these), that of your wife and children, your brother and his family, Mr. N———, Mr. P———, also, Mr. G———.

It being now past twelve, I will close by ever wishing happiness and prosperity, and a Happy New Year to you and family. I wish you a Happy New Year, John! I wish you a Happy New Year, Alice!

From your ever affectionate friend,

W. G. H———.

Direct to W. G. H———, Printer, Taunton, Mass., America.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE SUPPORT OF

FREE SCHOOLS FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR.

OFFICE—1, EXETER HALL.

PRESIDENT.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

TREASURER.—R. C. L. BEVAN, Esq., Lombard Street.

HON. SEC.—MR. W. LOCKE. HON. SOLICITOR.—E. JENNINGS, Esq.

SECRETARY.—MR. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall.

COLLECTOR.—MR. W. A. BLAKE, 38, South Bank, Regent's Park.

BANKERS.—MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, & CO., 54, Lombard Street.

The following Contributions have been received in aid of the Ragged School Union from the 20th of August to the 20th of September, 1861.

General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Anonymous	0	10	0
Anonymous, per *Record*	0	10	0
Baghurst, Mrs.	0	10	0
Baines, Lieut.-Colonel	1	1	0
Barry, Lieut.-Colonel	1	1	0
Bass, Mrs. M. T.	5	0	0
Beckles, Miss	1	0	0
Beckles, Mrs.	0	10	6
Canterbury, the Archbishop of	2	2	0
Cartwright, Miss	5	0	0
Casterton, Mrs.	20	0	0
Chilver, T. F., Esq.	1	0	0
Clack, Mrs.	0	10	6
Claypon, B., Esq.	5	0	0
Cooper, Mrs. F.	1	1	0
Dolben, Miss	2	0	0
Etches, Miss	0	10	0
Everett, Mr.	0	10	0
Ferne, Miss	0	10	0
Field, Joshua, Esq.	1	1	0
Friend, per Miss Ferne	0	5	0
G. J. F.	10	0	0
Grahame, Mrs. T.	1	0	0
Greatorex, J., Esq.	10	10	0
Gregson, Mrs.	1	1	0
Howard, Lady F.	1	1	0
Hamilton, Miss E.	1	1	0
Henley, Mrs.	0	10	0
Henvaux, Mrs. S.	1	1	0
Hornby, Miss L.	2	0	0
Jackson, Miss, Coll. by	1	10	0
Jones, Mrs.	0	10	0
Lake, George, Esq.	3	0	0
Le Cappelaine, J., Esq.	0	10	6
Lumsden, Miss	1	0	0
Proceeds of Sale of Land, the gift of R. Bonne, Esq., per E. Jennings, Esq.	105	0	0
Radnor, Earl of	35	0	0
Reade, Mrs.	0	10	0
Rycroft, Sir R., Bart	20	0	0
Sanford, H., Esq.	1	1	0
Shakerley, Dow. Lady	5	0	0
Southern, Mr.	0	7	1
Sutton, D., Esq.	1	1	0
Thornton, Mrs. E.	0	10	0
Tooke, Mrs.	2	2	0
Wheeler, James, Esq.	0	5	0

Emigration Fund.

Clack, Mrs.	0	5	0

Refuge Fund.

Clack, Mrs.	0	5	0
G. J. F.	5	0	0

Excursion Fund.

Baker, Mrs.	0	10	0
Claypon, B., Esq.	1	0	0
Collected by a Little Boy who knows the enjoyment of green fields	0	16	0
Cook, G. H., Esq.	1	0	0
G. J. F.	1	0	0
Lancaster, Miss	1	0	0
Shakerley, Dow. Lady	5	0	0

Library Fund.

Reade, Mrs.	0	10	0

School Fund, &c.

Albert Street.			
Boetefuer, Mrs. A.	2	0	0
Radnor, the Earl of	5	0	0
Bluegate Fields (Excursion.)			
Anonymous	0	1	0
Anonymous	0	2	6
Female Preventive.			
Shakerley, Dow. Lady	5	0	0
Hinder' Mews.			
Parr, Elizabeth	0	1	0
Lamb and Flag.			
Jobson, T. W. C., Esq.	1	0	0
Pell Street.			
Fothergill, Miss	2	0	0
Friend, A	0	2	0
Princes Road.			
Boetefuer, Mrs. A.	2	0	0
Thomas' Mews.			
Boetefuer, Mrs. A.	1	0	0
York Mews.			
Radnor, Earl of	10	0	0

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